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02x03 - Hypocrisy: Don't Do It

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02x03 - Hypocrisy: Don't Do It

by **bunniefuu**

Posted: **02/01/02 15:49**

[A well-appointed dining room.Five men sit around a table -- two on one side, three onthe other. Everyone's holding champagne glasses. Okay, soget this: the two on one side are a black guy and a whiteguy. On the other side are an Asian guy, an Arab guy, anda guy in a wheelchair.]

Man: To Judge Bobby. And Dr. Bruce. Congratulations. Tenyears of fidelity.

All: Happy anniversary.

Asia Man: Where's Jeremy? He said he was stuck insurgery.

Black Man: Oh, I'm sure he's operating -- on some boy!

Bobby: Or at Club Sodom!

Asia Man: That awful place?

Man: Where they dance! And have sex, and take drugs!

Man#2: And have sex. So, I've heard.

Black Man: It's ashame Jeremy has allowed himself tobecome a stereotype, instead of a role model for thecommunity.

Bobby: Hopefully one day he comes to sensive and realizethat his time can be more productive ways to spend histime.

[Cut to Woody's, where the g*ng's all watching this...ontelevision. Brian shakes his head in disbelief.]

Man#2: Last week we read Sylvia Plath. And this week,Jane Austen.

Bobby: That's the best anniversary gift, we've everreceived.

TV: "g*y as Blazes" will be right back.

[Brian grabs the remote and turnsoff the TV.]

Brian: Blaze this!

Em: Brian, that's my favourite new show. The actors aredreamy!

Linds: The Times says that's it the most accurateportrayal of g*y life ever shown on television.

Brian: Well, then, where's the sucking? And where's thefucking?

Mel: Jesus, don't you get enough of that at home?

Michael: The whole point on GaB is that it's not allabout sex. There's more to g*y life than that.

Brian: Like reading Sylvia Plath. I'd sooner k*ll myself.

Ted: These people have principles. When you haveprinciples, you don't need orgasms.

Brian: You have principles when you don't have orgasms.

Linds: I, for one, commend the producers for portrayingus as being mature and responsible...

Mel: ...instead of being promiscuous and narcissistic.

Brian: Welcome to Fantasy Island.

Em: Oh, I wish they would bring that back.

Ted: Even you have to admit it's important that thestraight world sees realistic portrayals of us.

Brian: You called this realistic? And who gives a flyingfuck about what straight people think?

Mel: Hey, you better watch your mouth, now that you'regetting the hero award from the Center.

Brian: I didn't do anything.

Em: You've saved Justin's life.

Brian: They can keep their golden dildo.

Linds: Hey, hey. I expect you to be in the Center atSunday night. All.

Brian: Sunday, darn(!) Suck-a-Rama at The Toolshed.

Linds: Oh, very mature, Brian(!)

Mel: There he goes our hero.

[Ted turns TV on.]

TV: "Now return to g*y as Blazes".

[Mike goes outside to Brian. Hetouched his back and he's taking his hand.]

Michael: Ou, ou, hurting, hurting.

Brian: Have she send out to make sure I didn't misbehave?

Michael: No, I thoughed we could mishave together.

Brian: I can't. I gotta get back.

Michael: Christ, don't tell me you're actually becoming agood example for g*y men everywhere.

Brian: No, I leave that to g*y as Blazes. Justin stillgets freaky when he's on his own too long.

Michael: Right. What about tomorrow?

Brian: Oh, Slavetanks? Kinky.

Michael: There are two over-passes to comic hall.Priority accesses to all events the complete comicbookoverload. One for me, one for you.

Brian: Whoa, dude! The kids at school will, like, puke,they'll be, like, so jealous.

Michael: I'll take that as a no.

Brian: I'd run away screaming, but it's been a long day.

Michael: Well, right. Sure. Okay. See you around,sometime.

Brian: This soaking gives you jealous is no attractingyou.

Michael: It's just we doesn't hook up since I've gotback. I thoughed it would be a chance. That's all.

Brian: What time tomorrow?

Michael: 6. Downtown.

Brian: I'm each out then.

[Mel and Linds home. Brian'splaying with Gus while Lindsay eats a donut on thecouch.]

Linds: You're going and that's final.

Brian: The f*ck I am.

Mel: Where the hell are my god-damn car keys?

Linds: And don't think you can make me chance my mind getout of it by inducing a sugar high with a cheap bag ofdonuts. Even though...these sprinkles are really good.

Brian: [to Gus] Come to daddy. C'mon sonnyboy.

Mel: We went to a lot of trouble to get you that award.

Brian. Well, then get them to give it to someone whoneeds their approval.

Linds: There's not about approval. It's honouring you'rebravery, you're courage. Hey hon, you want some with thesprinkles?

Mel: No, I know I left him right here.

Brian: It's about the three hundred dollars a platethey're charging.

Mel: It's to raise money from you're day care programmwhich, please, God, Gus will benefit from.

Brian: [to Gus] Did you hear that? Daycare.

Linds: Hey, it's maybe a joke to you but this isimportant. Not just to the community but to Mel and me.

Mel: It's our first year on the committee.

Brian: I'm sorry to f*ck with you're social climbing.

Linds: You little sh*t!

Mel: Look, honey? That's enough sugar. C'mon Brian, youcan't even an evening to you're honour.

Linds: Stand up.

[She grabs him by the ba*ls and twists.]

Linds: Listen to me, mister! You will show up at theceremony. You will check your pissy attitude at the door.And you will behave in a manner befitting a hero, or atleast like you appreciate all the love, and support andhard work your f*cking friends have gone to on yourfucking behalf! Got it?

Brian: [groans] I got it.

[Melanie, looking under the couch to no avail, shakes herhead, looks over at the baby, and screams.]

Mel: Oh, my god.

Linds: What? You find the keyes?

[Gus walking! He waddles over to Melanie and Lindsay, whohug each other gleefully.]

Brian: Sonny boy. Come to Daddy!

[Liberty Diner. Justin's readingthe local g*y newspaper.]

Justin: f*ck. Did you see this? "A Wolf in Hero'sClothing" by Harold Bellwether.

Ted: "Is there anyone less deserving of this year'sGay and l*sbian Center's Outstanding Hero Award forheroism than Brian Kinney?..."

Michael: "Mr. Kinney is a miserable example of amodern g*y stereotype."

Deb: "Totally promiscuous, completely vain" -- well, he's not wrong on that count.

Ted: "He can be found nightly in the back rooms ofsex clubs."

Vic: "As for the young man he rescued from a violentassault, he is, in fact his eighteen year-old teenagelover."

Brian: [to Justin] Is that you?

Michael: "So if you let believe he is a hero, thetruth is..."

Justin: "He is a pedophile!"

Vic: "...deserving not our honor..."

Deb: "...but our contempt?" Who the f*ck isthis Howard Bedwetter?

Vic: Howard Bellwether happens to the g*y socialconscience of Pittsburgh. I always listen to his radioshow, I've read every word he always written. Mmmh.Congratulations.

Vic: The Center's giving him the outstanding g*y Award.

Deb: Well, they're should him giving the outstandingAsshole Award.

Brian: I'm sue him, the m*therf*cker.

Michael: Take it easy, Brian.

Brian: He said I'm thirty-one. I'm thirty.

Justin: Is that all you care about? He practically calledyou a child molester.

Brian: Who should better know than you?

Michael: Don't forget. Comic Hall tonight, 6 pm.

[Emmett skips down the street, afeather duster stuck in his backpack. He's pretty cute.He walks up to a nice brick home, with matching tan BMWsin the driveway. The license plates say "B+B 1"and "B+B 2," respectively. Emmett rings thedoorbell. Inside, a short blond man with glasses -- wholooks a lot like Judge Bobby on g*y as Blazes -- opensthe door.]

Blaine: Yes?

Em: Hi. I... I'm Emmett. The agancy send me.

Blaine: The new maid. I'm Blaine, please come in.

[He leads Emmett into the living room to meet his lifepartner, Blair. Blair's black. Like Dr. Bruce on theshow.]

Blaine: Sweetheart. Oh, this is my life partner, Blair.

Em: Oh my god. You're guys just like Bobby and Bruce.

Blair: Who?

Em: You know, "g*y as Blazes". ... The TV-Show?

Blair: Oh, we don't watch television.

Blaine: I'm usual read poem or medical journes.

Blair: And I'm preparing legal briefes.

Em: Wait, wait. So, you're a judge and you a surgeon?

Blaine: [points to Blair] Lawyer.

Blair: [points to Blaine] Dentist.

Em: Next thing you'll tell me is that you've beentogether for ten years.

Blaine: Eleven.

Em: And that you never f*ck around. Oh, I'm sorry.

Blaine: We believe monogamy is the foundation of a solidrelationship. Don't we, sweetheart?

Blair: Absolutly.

Em: Oh, that's... that's so inspiring. Um, it's gonna bea real privilege to work for two so destinglish gentlemanlike yourselves.

[He then pulls down his pants.]

Em: So, where you want me to start?

both: Wait.

Em: What? I'm... I'm a naked maid. And they tell you...the agency...?

Blaine: Yes, but that won't be necessary.

Blair: You see, even though some members of our communityfind it titillating to sexualize even domestic work, weprefer that you keep your pants on.

Blaine: We're paying the same fee, of course.

Blair: It's just our small way of adding a little dignityto our community.

Blaine: Our last maid got a Ph.D.

Em: Really? Well, if it's not one communicable disease,it's another. So, which way is the designer kitchen?

[Comic-book convention. Mikeeagerly waits at the entrance, wearing a Captain Astrot-shirt. Meanwhile, on Liberty Avenue, Brian pulls upnext to a police van. The cop turns and gives Brian TheLook. Back to Mike, who's about to give up. Cut to theback of the van, where Brian has the cop naked andhandcuffed. Brian is wearing the cop's hat and glasses,and waving his nightstick provocatively. Brian's cellrings. He ignores it. At the convention, Mike hangs uphis cell phone, and

realizes that Brian has stood himup.]

[Mel and Linds are having sex onthe couch, with the help of a large black vibrator.Melanie's on top.]

Linds: [groans] Will we have this good sex after we'remarried?

Mel: [groans] No, that's why we have to this way now.

[The doorbell rings. Melanie and Lindsay scramble to gettheir clothes on.]

Mel: Oh, sh*t. Who is that?

Linds: The vibrator.

[Melanie tosses the vibrator to Lindsay before she opensthe door. Lindsay tosses the vibrator under the couchcushions.]

[Mel and Linds house.]

Mel: Tannis and Phillip - what a surprise.

Tannis: The award ceremony is on crisis. We have to talk.

Mel: Guess who's here.

Linds: Oh, Tannis, Phillip - what a surprise. Have aseat.

[They're sitting on the couch. The vibrator still on.]

Mel: So, you say we have a problem?

Tannis: Have you read Bellweathers article?

Phillip: If you cooperate sponsors hear that we're givingBrian Kinney an award - they will cut us off. We looseour support, our founding... [he pauses] Do you hear abuzzing?

Linds: Oh, I... the baby monitors.

Tannis: It sounds like it's coming from...

[She reaches under the cushions and pulls out thevibrator. she skeeves out and tosses it to Phillip, whoshrieks and tosses it to Melanie.]

Mel: Oh, there it is. Did you know that vibrations in asoil produces with in terms stimulate to paddles to open.

Linds: This is a complete unfair and dishonest attack!Justin Taylor's a college student. Their relationship islegal, consensual, and very loving.

Mel: Besides this award is for Brian's encourage, not forhis sexual content.

Phillip: Tell that to our benefactors. The center Scandalcould send them packing, along with their

money.

Tannis: That is why you two got to get Kinney to declineit.

Linds: Do you have any idea what we two had go through toget him to accept it?

Phillip: Well, then it wouldn't be a problem, should it?

[The next morning Mike's on hiscell, talking to Ted and Emmett. Ted's in bed jerking offto a porno, and Emmett's ironing clothes out on the B andBs' porch.]

Mike: ...he stood me up!

Ted: No!

Mike: He promise me be there but over pass everything.

Ted: Well, I hate to say this, Michael, but maybe you andhe drifting apart.

Em: Honey, it happens to the closes to friends.

Ted: So, how about coming... with me to the Bellweatherbook signing?

Mike: After what he wrote about Brian?

Ted: Brian's hardly a hero.

Em: God, Teddy, when you become so prude?

Mike: Since he lost his job whacking off?

Ted: I'm not a prude and I wasn't wack... I think he justmight happen a point.

Mike: Well, I don't think any of us are in the positionto judge, considering some of the things we've done.

Ted: I have nothing to be ashamed off.

Mike: I can remind you of a few.

Ted: Got to go.

[Ted hangs up.]

Em: Yeah, me too. I'm ironing my bosses pants.

Mike: Aren't you the one who's supposed to be bare-assed?

Em: Have you know they prefer me to keep my clothes on.

Mike: Are you sure they're g*y?

Em: Not only they are g*y but they're the most decentpeople I've ever met. So, the next time you see Brian, ifyou ever do, you can tell him he's wrong. Those people inGay as Blazes do exists.

[Michael hangs up.]

[Emmett's still ironing clothesout on the B and Bs' porch. Blair walks up to him,wearing a towel.]

Blair: Hey.

Em: Oh, hi. Oh, Blaine called. He's doing some extra probono work at the g*y Homeless Shelter and you're do atthe g*y Harvard graduate luncheon. I'll have this done ina few.

Blair: You're doing a wonderful job, Emmett.

Em: Thank you. This is, well... seeing you two has reallyinspired me to strive, to achieve, to better myself.

Blair: That's a great compliment.

Em: Well, if there is anything else I can do, let meknow.

[Emmett hands Blair his pants. Blair"accidentally" drops the pants on the ground.As Emmett reaches down for them, Blair drops his towel,too.]

Em: Whoops, you drop you're towl!

Blair: Darn, I know. Do you think you can get this forme?

[He gets down on his knees to get the towel.]

Blair: I'm really grateful.

Em: I... I see that.

[Liberty Diner. Justin tries toplace a glass of water on Mike's table, but ends upspilling most of it.]

Justin: Oh, sorry.

Mike: It's okay. Don't worry about it.

Deb: Keep it up, sunshine, the good work it is. Isn't hesudden mother's little helper.

Mike: "Mother's Little Helper" is Valium.That's from a Rolling Stones song.

Deb: I know the song, thank you, I was listening to itbefore you were f*cking born!

Justin: Ancient history.

[Justin leaves and Deb sits to his son.]

Deb: Ok, what did he do this time?

Mike: Who?

Deb: Who?! Is there anyone else?

Mike: He supposed to meet me in the comic conventionand...

Deb: I'm bite my tongue so hard, I'm tasting blood.

Mike: So, just say it. You will anyway.

Deb: Why must the happiness always depend on someoneelse? First Brian, then David, now you back to Brian.

Mike: You finished?

Deb: I just even started. If you came back here becauseyou thought Brian was missing you as much as you weremissing him, you f*cked up, big-time.

Mike: That's not why I came back.

Deb: He has a life of his own. Which is more than I cansay about you. And even though you're not going to likeme saying that...

Mike: I'm sure of that.

Deb: I think he might actually love this kid. As much ashe can.

Mike: That doesn't matter. We're still friends - at leastI though we were. That wasn't suppose to change.

[Emmett walks down Liberty Avenuewith Ted and Mike.]

Em: One minute I starting his color and then I'm suckinghis c*ck. See, I have destory eleven years of fidelity...that's what I have done. I'm scum. No, I'm worse thanscum. What's worse than scum?

Mike: We've all been around enough to know that nobodydoes anything they don't wanna do this. This Blair soundslike no angel.

Em: He was. Well, now he's falling. I'm the snake in thegarden of Eden, that's what I am.

Mike: Stop blaming you yourself.

Ted: No, start blaming yourself. It wouldn't havehappened if you could keep your mind off of sex longenough to think of something else.

Em: Like what?

Ted: Like,... going to museum or reading a book.

Em: Book...?

Ted: Yeah, it's got pages, little words on them, a cover.Literally improves the money, oh, hey they have

a sellright here. Anybody care to join me?

Mike: No, you keep your hero; I'll stick to CaptainAstro.

Em: Oh my god, I gotta go big diner for Blair and Blaine.How I'm gonna face? How I'm gonna say?

Mike: Don't say anything. Forgod sake don't let it happenagain.

[Elsewhere on Liberty Avenue,Justin clutches Brian's hand as they walk down thestreet.]

Brian: Ou!

Justin: Sorry.

Brian: It's okay. You wanna go back?

Justin: No!

Brian: Sure?

Justin: Yeah. With no hands.

[Someone bumps in him.]

Justin: Hey! f*ck!

Brian: It's okay, it's okay, it's okay. Calm down.
[They're going to the bookstore. They're see Bellweather's book-cover in the front. Inside the store,Mr. Bellweather is cheerfully signing his book. It's Ted's turn.]

Ted: Mr. Bellweather, I am so, so validated by what youwrite. You are a font of inspiration and wisdom.

Mr.Bellweather: A font? How kind. And you are?

Ted: I'm Ted. Ted...Ted Schmidt. Is S-C-H-M...

[Justin shoves past Ted and throws another book down infront of Bellweather.]

Justin: Sign this! "To Brian Kinney, Please acceptmy apologies for what I wrote about you. I'm a sack oflying sh*t. Love and luck, Howie."

Mr.Bellweather: I take it, you are...

Justin: ...his teenage lover.

[Ted looks around for Brian, who cheerfully waves at himfrom the back of the store.]

Mr.Bellweather: It's a pleasure to meet such a boy braveyoung man. If anyone should get an award for heroism,it's you.

Justin: You had no rights to say those things.

Mr.Bellweather: On the contrary it was my obligation.

Justin: He saved my life.

Mr.Bellweather: He's also stolen part of it... yourinnocence. Your youth. One day you'll see he's hurt youas much as your attacker.

[Justin has no answer for that, so he knocks all thebooks off the table instead, and stomps away.]

Brian: And by the way? I'm thirty.

[The B and B. Emmett's choppingvegetables in the kitchen when Blaine saunters in.]

Blaine: Emmett, you didn't tell me.

Em: Tell you what?

Blaine: That you would cook. It smells phantastic.

Em: Oh, just a little sauce piquant for the fish.

Blaine: Blair will be sorry that he miss this.

Em: He... he's... he's not here?

Blaine: It's his night to meet to the visually-impairedgay seniors group.

Em: Well, I just... I just... set table for one, then.

Blaine: Why don't you eat with me? I hate dining alone.

Em: Alright.

Blaine: Mind if I had to taste?

Em: Here, let me.

[Emmett gets a big spoonful of sauce and feeds it toBlaine. And then spills some on the front of Blaine'spants.]

Em: God, someone on you're pants. But we get out thisbefore it stands.

Blaine: I'll take my pants off.

Em: No, no, no. Don't do that. Let it do in this way.

[he'll just take a towel and wipe the stain off the frontof Blaine's pants.]

Em: On the second though you should...

Blaine: No, no, no, go ahead. You're doing just fine. Butyou'd better rub harder.

Em: You've been in museums or read good books, lately?

[Blaine unzip his pants.]

Em: Oh, oh, look what I've done. Forgive me, Father.

[Mel and Linds. Dining Room.Brian sits at the candlelit table while Mel and L. hoveraround him.]

Mel: Should o foot, '90. It's a very good year.

Linds: Black Angels. So blood it moods.

Mel: Wait what we have for dessert. Dead white chocolate.

Linds: Have you a other way to go?

Mel: Of course he could better.

Brian: Oh, yeah. Maybe there is more to life than sex.Fine dining. Fine wine. Fine cigars. What do you want?

Mel: You're so cynical, you can't appreciate a littleTLC?

Linds: Yeah...

Brian: From the l*sbian Lucy and Ethel? So...

Linds: You know the award from the center.

Mel: The award you never wanted it anyway.

Brian: What about it?

Linds: Guess what, you don't have to accept it.

Brian: I don't?

Mel: We're explain to them that you feel comfortable withpublic attention, so they said all you have to do is say,"Thanks anyway, but no thanks" and the wholething are get away.

Linds: Isn't that great? You don't have a speech, youdon't wear a tax, nothing.

Brian: That's great. What's the real reason? Could it bethe Howard Bellweathers bullshit that he afraid me tospot their image? Or even worse loose their preciousco-operate sponsors? And now they want me to get away asperson. Guess what, I'm not doing any favours.

Linds: C'mon, Brian, you don't even want.

Mel: We practically had to force feed it to you.

Brian: Well, that was before I realized what an honor itwould be to be recognized by such a fine, upstandingorganization. I've already started working on myacceptance speech, in fact. Wanna hear it?

Mel: God!

[Melanie grabs the plates and stomps off into the kitchenin disgust.]

Brian: Greetings, and welcome all yousexually-challenged, transmogrified, bipolar, whateverthe f*ck you ares...

[Woody's. Debbie walks in,wearing a leopard-print muumuu and carrying a yellowhandbag. Vic is normal dressed. They spot Mike and Ted ata table and amble over.]

Deb: Hey, boys. Hi, honey. Hi, Teddy.

Vic: Excuse me, but I believe these seats are reservedfor the living.

Mike: Ma, have you to seat here?

Deb: Well, I don't see a sign here that says, 'Reservedfor Brian.'

Mike: I told you.

Deb: I know! I know you are unconfortable hanging out ingay bars with you're mother. But look at this way - ifyou meet somebody nice, you don't have him to bring hometo meet me, 'cause I'm already here!

Mike: I'm not meeting anybody.

Deb: With an attitude with that, you sure as hell youwon't. You two stay in the month to have some fun, c'mon.Go dancing, go get laid.

Ted: What kind of mindless pallative is that for existentialangst?

Deb: Say a word?

Vic: A damn good one. Before you guys turn around, you'regoing to be our age.

Deb: God, don't remind me.

Vic: And you regret every night didn't go out and grab alittle life.

Deb: Not to mention a little a*s!

Ted: Well, I did see an invitation on hotpits.com to aB.B. Party.

Mike: I though you swore out the internet.

Ted: It was before I delete.

Deb: A B.B. Party?

Ted: Stand for Bodybuilders.

Deb: Mmmh, I just love hard pecs and rippled abs.

Mike: God mom, you're a such a f*g.

Vic: Yeah, it puts the rest of us to shame. Well, whatare you waiting for?

[The B.B. Party. Ted and Mikewalk into an apartment. The apartment is bathed in a red,low light.]

Ted: Oh, no. I get a drink first. Well, some party, huh?

[He and Mike walk into the living room, where's there's afull-on orgy taking place. Couples. Groups.]

Mike: This isn't a party. This is an orgy.

Ted: Boy, if Brian only knew what he was missing!

Mike: f*ck Brian!

Ted: Oh, my God, do you know who that is?

Mike: Don't point!

Ted: That's Howard Bellweather.

Mike: He hasn't a very good body.

Ted: Of course not! He's a writer.

Mike: Guess what, that doesn't look like bodybuilder tome. It's not always wrong with that picture. Something'missing.

Ted: What? Dirts?

Mike: Condoms. They don't using condoms.

Ted: Including Howard Bellweather!

Mike: Sssh. Holy sh*t, I don't think B.B. stand forbodybuilder. I think it stands for...

Ted: Barebacking.

[They're leaving.]

Tannis: "We are not givingBrian Kinney an award!"

[She stands with Mel and Linds in the middle of thereception room, where various minions are setting up forthe awards dinner. Phillip trots up to take the head micfrom her.]

Tannis: "I should turn this f*cking thingoff...!"

Phillip: Our mistake was sending committee neophytes todo co-chair work in the first place.

Tannis: Fams.

Philipp: When Kinney assists on accepting this award wehave no other choice but to refuse to give it to him.

Linds: I wouldn't do that when I were you.

Tannis: Excuse me?

Mel: Honey...

Linds: If you would take it away now you're be in reachof promise and he'll take action.

Phillip: What kind of action?

Linds: Legal action.

Tannis: Are you suggestion he sue?

Linds: "Non-profit" will take on a wholedifferent meaning when he's through with you.

Phillip: [to Mel] Is this true?

Mel: If he wanted to, he can track us to court.

Phillip: But we're financiel ruined, not to mention thehumiliation when we run off the board.

Mel: As you're counsel my professional advice is justgive him the f*ck' award.

Phillip: Well, you can tell Mr. Kinney that he can addblackmail to his long list of accomplishments.

[he and Tannis are leaving them alone.]

Mel: Reach a promise. Where are that coming from?

Linds: Well, you f*ck a lawyer, you pick up a few things.

[Babylon! One of the go-godancers is dressed as Babylon Man, complete with eye maskand a big "B" painted in the middle of hischest. Mike, Ted, and Emmett at the bar.]

Ted: That smug, sanctimonious hypocrite. Who the f*ck he think he is, judging everyone else's behavior?

Mike: Especially Brian's.

Ted: I think I just spend twenty-five bucks on his newbook.

Mike: Maybe he'll use the money to buy rubbers.

Ted: Is there any such thing as decency left?!

Em: There was. Once upon a time. 'Til I came along.

Mike: Don't tell me.

Ted: You did the other one?

Em: Who can help myself?

Mike: What about them? You said they were a happy committedapploment.

Em: It's not their fault. Obviously, against my powers ofseduction, they didn't stand a chance! I'm gonna go.

[Brian insinuates himself in the middle of the group.Mike isn't particularly happy to see him.]

Brian: Oh, hey, just the man I'm looking for. You wannadance?

Mike: No, I don't feel like it.

Brian: What's wrong?

Mike: I said I don't want to!

Brian: What's the matter with you?

Mike: You wouldn't understand and if you did you wouldn'tcare.

Brian: Fine.

[he's leaving.]

Mike: The convention, as*h*le! You were supposed to meetme!

Brian: Is that all?

Mike: Yeah, that's all.

Brian: I'm sorry, I got tied up. Actually, he did. See, Ipick up some cop...

Mike: I donna hear it. It doesn't matter.

Brian: C'mon, Mikey, it's a f*ck' comic book conventionfor Christ sake.

Mike: Right, that's all it was. A bunch of geekssearching around for pieces of their lost piece of theirchildhood. It's pathetic when you think about it. Onlythe reason for going wasn't to find a Green Latern from1982, it was for us to be together. The way we werebefore I ran off with David, before Justin got hurt. TheDynamic Duo, reunited once again. But I guess thingsdon't work that way. Things go forward instead ofbackwards, and nothing stays the same, so don't troubleyourself. There's no reason for you to be there with me,and there's no reason for me to expect you to be.

[Mike leaves Brian in the middle of the dance floor.]

[The B and B. Emmett sits down onthe couch between Blaine and Blair.]

Em: I'm, uh...I'm very sorry to have to tell you this. Ihope you won't be angry but um... I have to interview mynotes.

Blair: Oh, Emmett, no!

Blaine: Aren't you happy here?

Blair: Have we something to displease you?

Em: No! No, no, no, it's...it's not you. It's me. I'munworthy to work for two such fine men.

Blair: You mustn't say that!

Blaine: No-one has ever given a service quite like you.In fact Blair told me himself how happy he's were withyou're performance. Haven't you Blair?

Blair: Oh, yes. And Blaine has done the same, haven'tyou, sweetheart?

Blaine: We've never had a more congenial menial.

Em: W...wa...wa...wait a minute. Um, you both know...

Blair: Of course.

Em: But I... I thought... didn't you say you werecompletely monogamous?

Blair: We are. But we can always use a little help aroundthe house.

Blaine: Now, won't you stay?

Em: You know, I may be a sl*t. But at least I'm an honestslut. So find someone else to put the starch in yourpants.

[Justin's back on Liberty Avenue.He makes his way towards Brian, who's at the opposite endof the block. Justin's antsy, but looking strong. Brianwatches him hopefully, apprehensively, just willing himto make it down the street.]

Brian: Come on, sonny boy.

[Justin does make it, and gives Brian a big hug.]

Justin: I wasn't sure I could do it.

Brian: I was.

[Brian kisses Justin.]

Justin: What's that for?

Brian: You know how much I like sex in public places.

Justin: Then suck me off, right here, right now. Broaddaylight.

Brian: Well, you are recovering.

Justin: Bad as new.

Brian: But one step at a time. First we're walk back tomy place then I suck'n you off.

Justin: I can do it by myself.

Brian: You can give yourself head?

Justin: No, I can walk back without a shaper.

Brian: You sure this one?

Justin: Mmmh-mmmh. I'm sick of you always following mearound. Don't you have friends your own age?

Brian: Yeah, but none of them adore me as much as you do.

Justin: I can pick up one of those. Anyway you have a bigimportant fund raiser to attend.

Brian: To boring an insignificant time waste?

Justin: You're a hero. No matter what anyone says.

[Justin kisses Brian.]

Brian: Thank you for the standing ovation.

Justin: Alright. You go. Later.

Brian: Later.

[GLC Awards. Tannis and Phillipare on the dais being boring.]

Deb: It's so stuff here, you need an oxygen mask.

[Deb, Em, Ted, Linds, Mel and Vic are sitting at atable.]

Vic: Just keep breathing.

Mel: Where the hell is Brian?

Em: Fashionally late?

Mel: He's got his fashionally a*s here.

Tannis: Our next recipient is a man who's voice being abig approve in an often stormy sea of moral insurtanty.

Phillip: A man who has challenged us to account for ourbehavior. Who has demanded that we ask

nothing less ofourselves than decency and dignity.

Tannis: This years outstanding g*y award goes to MisterHoward Bellweather!

[Howard Bellwether walks up to the platform amid applauseand cheers.At their table, Debbie mouths the word"as*h*le" at Vic.]

Mr.Bellweather: How can we complain of being stereotyped,of being marginalized, when there are members of ourcommunity that, through their irresponsible behavior,perpetuate such treatment. We are own worst enemy. And sowe must...

[Cut later. The camera fades out and in as Bellwetherdrones on in a like manner. Deb is asleep.]

Mr.Bellweather: Raise up our moral standards... It is upto us to change the misconception that g*y life is allabout sex. This is the gauntlet I throw down to you toprove that we are concerned, committed citizens weintruth are. Thank you.

[Deb's awake. Melanie and Lindsay reluctantly rise andjoin in the applause. So does Ted, to Emmett's shock.]

Ted: I still believe in what he says. Even if I don'tbelieve in him.

Phillip: Wow, our next recipient's name becomes synomiswith courage when he inveint in g*y-bashing incident andsaving a young victims life.

Tannis: He's a inspiration to us all. This yearsoutstanding g*y Hero Award goes to Brian Kinney.

[Mel and L.'s table cheer, cheer, cheer. But where'sBrian?]

Mel: I can't believe he didn't show.

Vic: If only to tell them where to stick it...

Deb: ...and how high.

Linds: I think he got his message across. Loud and clear.

[At the ComiCon, Mike gushes overan Iron Man comic.]

Mike: Wow, this is so amazing. Five hundred dollars?!What you are even smoking?

Brian: But it has style.

Mike: Aren't you supposed to being somewhere, winningsome award or a hero of the year?

Brian: If you want a hero, buy a comic book.

Mike: Why aren't you accepting the award? Not that I givea sh*t.

Brian: We had a date.

PA: "Attention everyone. Comic convention closing infiveteen minutes."

Mike: You barely made it. Look, I meant what I said - youdidn't have to come. We've moved on, and that's okay. Nodemands, no expectations, no regrets.

Brian: As long as I was here we're might to have a goodtime. Hey. Let's get a picture.

Mike: This is for kids.

Brian: C'mon, Mikey!

Mike: No, it's stupid!

Brian: It wasn't stupid when we were locked up in yourroom, reading Captain Astro and Galaxy Lad and wishing wewere invincible like them. And pretending that no earthlyforce could separate us, like them. And swearing thatwe'd always be there for each other, like them.

Mike: You remember that?

[Mike bursts into a blinding smile. Brian drags him overto the cutout, and sticks his head where Captain Astro'sis supposed to be. Mike is Galaxy Lad.]

[g*y as Blazes. Bruce and Bobbyare sitting with a young man on their couch.]

Bobby: You don't have to be out on streets anymore,Travis.

Bruce: From now on you're gonna living here with us.

Travis: You're so kind. I didn't know g*y people like youexisted.

Bobby: We're not all sexual predators!

Bruce: In fact, the only thing we like bound in leatheris a good nineteenth-century novel.

Bobby: Have you read Jane Austen?

Travis: No...

[Cut to Emmett, sneering on his couch. He points theremote at the television.]

Em: Blaze this!

[End Credit: Music By The Stranglers "No More Heroes"]

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